GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1. The Blue Bell of Scotland.
2. She lives in the Valley below.
3. Hal the Woodman.
4. Sandy and Jenny.
5. Poor Dick Meadows.
6. Gally Slave.

The Blue Bell of Scotland.

AH where, and ah where is your highland laddie gone,
He's gone to fight the Frenchmen for George upon his throne,
And 'tis oh in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where did your highland laddie dwell,
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell,
And 'tis oh in my heart, I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid,
And it's oh in my heart I love my bonny lad.

What would you do, if your highland lad shou'd die?
The bagpipes should play over him, I'd sit me down and cry,
And 'tis oh in my heart I hope he may not die,

She lives in the Valley below.

THE broom bloom'd ſo freſh and ſo fair,
The lamkins were ſporting around,
When I wander'd to breathe the freſh air,
And by chance a rich treaſure I found,
A laſs ſat beneath a green ſhade,
For whoſe ſmiles the world I'll forego;
As blooming as May was the maid,
And ſhe lives in the valley, ſhe lives in the valley, the valley below.

Her ſong ſtruck my ears with ſurpriſe,
Her voice like the nightingale ſweet,
But love took his ſeat in her eyes,
There beauty and innocence meet;
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her every wiſh I'd forego,
She's beautious as roſes juſt blown
And ſhe lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
The ſweet turtle dove cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My paſtures with hawthorn are bound,
All my riches I'll lay at my feet,
If her heart in return ſhe'll beſtow,
For no paſtime can cheer my retreat,
While ſhe lives in the valley below.

HAL THE WOODMAN.

STAY traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain ſtill beats the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to ſleep behind a cloud.

'Tis ſeven long miles acroſs the moor;
And ſhould you from our cottage ſtray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No ſoul to tell the ready way.

Come, deareſt Kate, the meal prepare,
This ſtranger ſhall partake our beſt;
A cake and raſher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary bleſt.

Approach the hearth, there take a place:
And, till the hour of reſt draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
We'll ſing, then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means, I'd uſe you well:
'Tis little I have got to boaſt:
But ſhould you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your hoſt.

SANDY AND JENNY.

'COME, come, bonny laſſie,' cry'd Sandy, 'awa
While mither's a ſpinning, and father's afar,
The folk are at work and the bairns are at play,
And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.'

'Stay, ſtay, bonny laddie,' I anſwer'd with ſpeed,
'I winna, I wunna go with you, indeed:

Beſides, ſhould I do ſo, what would the folks ſay?
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'Liſt, liſt,' cried he, 'laſſie, and mind what you do
Both Peggy and Patty I give up for you.
Beſides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day.'

'Fie, fie, bonny laddie,' replied I again,
When Peggy you kiſs'd t'other day on the plain,
Beſides, a new ribbon does Patty diſplay;
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'Then, then, a good bye, bonny laſſie,' ſays he,
'For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me.
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.'

'Stop, ſtop, bonny laddie,' ſays I with a ſmile,
'For, know, I was joking indeed all the while:
Let Peggy go ſpin, and ſend Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.'

POOR DICK MEADOWS.

POOR Dick Meadows, young and blooming,
Liv'd belov'd by all he knew:
Manly, gay, and unaſſuming,
Ever to his Mary true.
Poverty, though unlamented,
Long had hover'd o'er his cot;
Poor Dick Meadows liv'd contented,
Mary's ſmiles enrich'd his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, nobly ſcorning
What his comrades could beſtow,
Ere the lark proclaim'd the morning,
Sought the foreſt with his bow.
There the timid game purſuing,
Danger, fear he heeded not;
Poor Dick Meadows met his ruin;
Death untimely was his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, raſhly daring
Cliffs that bound the craggy ſhore,
Hapleſs victim! fell diſpairing,
E'er to ſee his Mary more,
From the cottage wildly flying,
Chance ſoon brought her to the ſpot;
Poor Dick Meadows there was dying;
Mary ſhriek'd, and ſhar'd his lot.

THE SAILOR's ADIEU.

FAREWEL my dear Nancy, for now I muſt leave you
Uuto the weſt Indies my courſe I muſt ſteer,
I know very well that my abſence will grieve you,
But I will return in the ſpring of the year.
In the ſpring of the year I'll return.

O don't talk of leaving me my deareſt jewel,
Don't talk of leaving me here on the ſhore,
For it is your ſweet company I do admire,
Therefore I ſhall die if I ne'er ſee you more.
If I ne'er ſee you more I ſhall die.

Juſt like a bold ſailor my dear I'll go with you,
In the midſt of all dangers I will be your friend,
When the ſhip is a-going, the ſeas are a-flowing,
There I'll ſtand ready to reef and to hand.
Stand ready to reef and to hand.

Your lily white hands cannot handle the cable,
Your pretty ſoft feet to the topmaſt can't go,
Nor the cold ſtormy weather you cannot endure,
Therefore to the ſeas my dear Nancy don't go.
To the ſeas my dear Nancy don't go.

As ſhe ſtood bewailing the ſhip it ſet ſailing,
The tears from her eyes like fountains did flow,
Altho' we are parted I will be true hearted,
And we will be married when I do return.
In the ſpring of the year I'll return.

GALLEY SLAVE.

O Think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleaſure is fled, even when hope is deſtroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the ſea;
I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore,
But thoughts bring to mind my once happy ſtate,
I ſigh, I ſigh, while I tug at the oar.

How hard is my fate, how galling my chains,
My life ſteer'd by miſery's chart,
And tho' againſt my tyrants I ſcorn to complain,
Tears guſh forth to eaſe my fond heart;
I diſdain even to ſhrink tho' I feel the ſharp laſh,
Yet my breaſt bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the unfeeling billows do daſh,
I ſigh, I ſigh, while I tug at the oar.

How fortune deceiv'd me, I'd pleaſure in tow,
The port where ſhe dwelt I'd in view,
But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was all clouded with woe,
Dear Anna, I'm hurry'd from you,
Our ſhallop was boarded, and I bore away,
To behold my dear Anna no more,
But diſpair waſtes my ſpirits, my form feels decay,
I ſigh, I ſigh, while I tug at the oar.

(*Angus, Printer.*)

FINIS.